

And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,  
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours  
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon  
Your are much more at task for want of wisdom,  
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

*Alb.* How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell,  
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

*Gov.* Nay then —

*Alb.* Well, well, the'uent.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.*

*Lear.* Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;  
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you  
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,  
if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore  
you.

*Kent.* I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered  
your Letter. *Exit.*

*Foole.* If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in  
danger of kybes?

*Lear.* I Boy.

*Foole.* Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go  
flip-flood.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Foole.* Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-  
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an  
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What can't tell Boy?

*Foole.* She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a  
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle  
on's face?

*Lear.* No.

*Foole.* Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,  
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong.

*Foole.* Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Foole.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail ha's  
a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Foole.* Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his  
daughters, and leaue his homes without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father I Be  
my Horses ready?

*Foole.* Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why  
the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight.

*Foole.* Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

*Lear.* To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

*Foole.* If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, I'd haue thee  
beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Foole.* Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst  
bin wife.

*Lear.* O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen;  
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are  
the Horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready my Lord.

*Lear.* Come Boy.

*Fool.* She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Bastard, and Curan, generally.*

*Bast.* Saue thee *Curan*.

*Cur.* And your Sir, I haue bin  
With your Father, and giuen him notice  
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse  
Will be here with him this night.

*Bast.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-  
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but  
ear-kissing arguments.

*Bast.* Not: pray you what are they?

*Cur.* Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,  
Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

*Bast.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do then in time,  
Fare you well Sir.

*Exit.*

*Bast.* The Duke be here to night: The better best,  
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,  
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,  
And I haue one thing of a queazie question  
Which I must ask, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke,

*Enter Edgar.*

Brother, a word, discends; Brother I say,  
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,  
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;  
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,  
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?  
Hee's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,  
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said  
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?  
Aduise your selfe.

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Bast.* I heare my Father coming, pardon me;  
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:  
Draw, see me to defend your selfe,  
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light ho, here,  
Fly Brother, Torch; Torch, so farewell.

*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion  
Of my more fierce endeaour. I haue seene drunkards  
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,  
Stop, stop, no helpe?

*Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.*

*Glo.* Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

*Bast.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,  
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone  
To stand auspicious Mistis.

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Bast.* Look Sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

*Bast.* Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

*Bast.* Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship,

*But*

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,  
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,  
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond  
The Child was bound to th' Father; Sir in fine,  
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood  
To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion  
With his prepared Sword, he charges home  
My vnprouded body, latch'd mine armes;  
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits  
Bolt in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,  
Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly farre:

Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught  
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,  
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,  
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,  
That he which finds him shall deserue our thankses,  
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:  
He that conceales him death.

*Bast.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech  
I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,  
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,  
If I would stand against thee, would the repofali  
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee  
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,  
(As this I would, though thou didst produce  
My very Character) I'd turne it all  
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:  
And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits  
To make thee seeke it.

*Tucket within.*

*Glo.* O strange and fastned Villaine;  
Would he deny his Letter, said he?  
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;  
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,  
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture  
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome  
May haue due note of him, and of my land,  
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes  
To make thee capable.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now my Noble friend, since I came hither  
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short  
Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?

*Glo.* O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?  
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

*Glo.* O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous Knights  
That tended vpon my Father?

*Glo.* I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

*Bast.* Yes Madam, he was of that comfort.

*Reg.* No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,  
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,

To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:  
I haue this present euening from my Sister  
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,  
That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
Ile not be there.

*Cor.* Not I, assure thee *Regan*;

*Edmund*, I heare that you  
A Child-like Office.

*Bast.* It was my duty.

*Glo.* He did bewray  
This hurt you see, striu-  
*Cor.* Is he pursued?

*Glo.* I my good Lord.

*Cor.* If he be taken,

Be fear'd of doing harme  
How in my strength you  
Whose vertue and obed-

So much commend it to  
Nature's of such deepe  
You we first seize on.

*Bast.* I shall serue you.

*Glo.* For him I thanke

*Cor.* You know not

*Reg.* Thus out of se-

Occasions Noble *Gloster*

Wherein we must haue

Our Father he hath writ

Of differences, which I

To answer from our he

From hence attend dispa

Lay comforts to your b

Your needfull counsaile

Which craues the instan

*Glo.* I serue you Ma

Your Graces are right w

### Scena

*Enter Kent,*

*Stew.* Good dawning

*Kent.* I.

*Stew.* Where may w

*Kent.* I'th' myre.

*Stew.* Prythee, if thou

*Kent.* I loue thee not

*Stew.* Why then I car

*Kent.* If I had thee in

thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why do'st thou

*Kent.* Fellow I know

*Stew.* What do'st thou

*Kent.* A Knaue, a Rasc

bafe, proud, shallow,

pound, filthy woold-

action-taking, whorefou

finicall Rogue, one Tr

would't be a Baud in w

thing but the compositi

Pandar, and the Sonne

one whom I will beate

deny't the least filable

*Stew.* Why, what a

to raile on one, that

knowes thee?

*Kent.* What a braze

thou knowest me? Is

heelcs, and beate thee b